

Two Six

J. Cole

Two six niggas wild, bitch
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Two six niggas-

If I wasn't rappin', bitch, I might just be the president
Pleas with the beggin', that shit dwindle your relevance
We know your shit is droppin', we ain't coppin' what you sellin' us
Bitch, you was good in school, why you hidin' your intelligence?
I remember when you was gettin' A's, now you failin' us
Playin' hard for the white boys that can't tell the diff'
Caught a lot of bodies, so my closet, it got skeletons
Don't believe me? Call your favorite rapper for the evidence
Rolls Royce, please don't sell these rappers no more Cullinans
They unoriginal, and plus I know they don't be budgetin'
Come in, boy, I'm sonnin' them, they know I'm really one of them
Two six, lotta screws loose with my brudda'nem
He got a speech impediment from choppers he be cuddlin'
He say he like the way that shit be s-s-s-s-stutterin'
When I'm in the city, bitches screamin' out my government
When I'm in the city, bitches screamin'- (Jermaine, ayy-ayy)
Outcast, I was never cast out
I'm a small fish from a pond where they crash out (Ayy-ayy)
Slim eyes 'fore a nigga gettin' to this cash route
Like a rap bitch goin' plat' without her ass out (Ayy-ayy)

When you see your nigga on the boulevard (Ayy-ayy)
Roll your window down, holler from afar (Ayy-ayy)
If you spot a 'Ville nigga, lock your car (Ayy-ayy)
It's a real good chance he's a-

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Bitch, I be low on purpose, big hoodie, double XL
Niggas be sayin' I'm humble as hell, not knowin' I'm bougie
I got standards, nigga, I damn near can't even stay at the manor, nigga
That shit feel old to me, my cribs, they never get sold to me
Them bitches get built for me
Like cheerleaders, I'm steppin' on these niggas skillfully
And I don't want 'em to kill for me, and I don't want nobody gettin' killed
for me
Nigga, that shit lame, then again, I guess that's your lane
In the nineties it was crack cocaine, nowadays it's clout and fame
Niggas is gassed, goin' viral off hate and shit a disgrace
Y'all ain't even gettin' no bags
Y'all call 'em bags, but my type of bags, they can't even fit in the back

I'm the future of this rap shit, nigga, fuck everything that I did in the past

I'm blowin' it out the water, if the times get hard, I just go harder, nigga

Two six niggas wild, bitch

Two six niggas wild, bitch (I said I just go harder, nigga)

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Two six niggas wild (Ayy-ayy)

When you see your nigga on the boulevard (Ayy-ayy)

Roll your window down, holler from afar (Ayy-ayy)

If you spot a 'Ville nigga, lock your car (Ayy-ayy)

It's a real good chance he's a dawg (Ayy-ayy)

The sky was covered by clouds like the color of the smoke

I couldn't see the Sun, I couldn't see the Sun

But I come to a glimmer of hope

A thousand miles from Heaven and a block away from the slums

Adjacent to the hood just like the pointer is to the thumb

Some days I had to use 'em both for pickin' up them crumbs

To place upon my tongue knowin' the hunger would not numb

Be careful of the devil and the melodies you hum

Smilin', goin' viral while infectin' all of the young

I was lost back then, I was blind, deaf, and dumb, huh

But I knew I'd find me a way

Fell off and fell on my face

But I knew I'd find a way